The Murder at Oldby.

John Bridger was baffled, and being baffled was out of humor with the world in general and with the village of Oldby in particular.

He had gone up the ladder of his profession with a run—with so quick a run that among pressmen he was known as Boss 'Tec. The crime he was investigating was too ordinary to allow one of those miraculous flashes of insight for which he was so famous; in fact, had he not been longing for country air after his close application to the noted Vangirard-Vannes case, he would have turned the Oldby murder over to a confrere. This murder had no lurid background, no picturesque touches, and yet it baffled him.

The bald outline given to him was this:

A man—a Frenchman, Alphonse d'Himbu by name—had come to Oldby, on a visit to Dr. Settle. These two had met at Vichy the previous year, and had chummed over billiards and cigars. No great friendship had ripened, and yet when little M. d'Himbu had written from London to say, "It would give me pleasure to see you before I return to Paris," Charles Settle had cordially replied: "Come down for a day or two, and see something of rural England, and give me my revenge for the last lost game."

The stranger arrived on Wednesday by the 12:15 from Liverpool street; at six that same evening Dr. Settle received an urgent summons to Lea farm, about two miles away. M. d'Himbu, left alone, sauntered forth into the garden, and from thence into the lane that skirts the doctor's garden and the rectory grounds—the Black Lane it is locally called.

A British earthwork, picturesquely crowned by elm and wild cherry trees, must have attracted M. d'Himbu, for he had evidently climbed the stile half way down the lane, and crossed the "British Field" to the knoll. There he was found twenty minutes later by Arthur Whitcroft, a lad of seventeen or thereabouts, stabbed to the heart.

An inquest had, of course, been held, when the inevitable tramp theory was mooted. A beetled browed fellow had been seen loafing around that day. But the coroner had dismissed this theory at once.

"A tramp," he remarked parenthetically, "may mutter imprecations when sent away empty handed, but he does not run amuck like a Malay fanatic."

The station-master was called.

"Had the 6:20 train set down any passengers?"

"Yes; one."

"Who?"

"The rector."

There was a slight sensation here, for if the rector had taken his usual short cut across the Bristish field he must have reached the knoll at 6:25—the very time of the murder. The rector—Mr. Guyhirn—was the next witness; he had seen nothing—absolutely nothing. He had walked home pondering over an address to the farm lads, and had looked neither to the righthand nor to the left. Upon reaching the rectory he had gone straight to his study, and had there and then made notes of his thoughts.

He spoke straightforwardly, and his parishioners believed him—they had never known him either say or do anything underhand, and they respected him for his happy blanding of sympathy, common sense, and humor.

A parlor maid confirmed his statement about writing in his study; she had taken him in a cup of tea, and had not noticed that he was at all "flustered."

There was nothing for it but to bring in a verdict of "murder against some persons or persons unknown"—a verdict at which Oldby chafed. Was a murderer to run free and unpunished in their midst?

In the course of days trivialities leaked out, and these taken together could no longer be regarded as mere nothings.

For two months a Marjorie Marchden had been a guest at the rectory—it was, in fact, to be her home until the return of Mr. Marchden from Ceylon, where he had a coffee plantation.

On the evening of the murder, Jane, the cook, had seen Miss Marchden "fly up stairs as scared like as a crow with a rattle behind it."

Then Susan, the housemaid, testified with many tears, that a dagger—a queer, foreign-sticking thing—had disappeared from Miss Marjorie's room, where it had always hung on a nail.

And to the whole village it was apparent that the hitherto energetic, bright and bonny girl had suddenly become pale and dejected.

"They say as they know the murderer," exclaimed Dr. Settle's housekeeper, as she bustled an omelette down before him. "Eat it while it's hot, sir—it's prime this minute; although, as I said to Green, I'll never believe it of a fine handsome young lady like Miss Marchden."

"What!" asked the young doctor, jumping up so suddenly that the breakfast table danced a jig and the omelette slipped from the dish.

"It's took him more aback that Mr. Dimby's death itself, and he feels that bad enough," said Mrs. Green, who was a shrewd woman.

She was right.

That Marjorie should be suspected caused him more exquisite pain than did the murder of M. d'Himbu.

"I'd give my practice to clear her," he moaned; and suiting the action to the word he took out a telegraph form and dashed off a request for Boss 'Tec's aid.

John Bridger had heard the story, had seen the spot, and was baffled.

That murder had been done was beyond question; the position of the wound did away with the possibility of suicide; but what was the motive?

The rector had crossed the field at the hour of the murder, but he was beyond suspicion; although, as Boss 'Tec thought, "sometimes irreproachable middle age has the back-ground of a shady past"; but one piece of evidence alone diverted suspicion from Mr. Guyhirn—he had never been abroad and M. d'Himbu had never before been in England.

As for Miss Marchden—well, her past history must be traced, and already a trusty clerk was on his way to Brussels, where Mrs Marchden had been to school, but from the little he had learned about her disposition, character and tastes, she did not seem likely to be the doer of the deed.

Boss 'Tec held a map of Oldby in his hand, and as he studied it an idea dawned in his mind. He slapped one knee and exclaimed "He!" he slapped the other and exclaimed "Ha!" In this to his colleagues would have been a signal that his great brain was beginning to work at a theory.

Did Dr. Settle go by the road to Lea farm, or did he ride, taking the shorter bridal path? If the latter, then, he, too, might be in the British field at the time of the murder.

He and M. d'Himbu had played together; nay, more: there had been a suggestion of "revenge for a lost game"!

Doubtless it was a question of money.

The fact that the doctor had himself sent for an investigator went for nothing; the doing so might simply be a repetition of the blind used by Captain Meldy in the Cat's Eye robbery.

Money, then, was the motive for the Oldby murder, and from the well-head of this motive John Bridger deemed it would be easy to track the murderer.

Whistling contentedly he looked from the window, and seeing Arthur Whitcroft driving some bullocks from the street into Back lane, strolled forth to join him.

"Prime beasts," he remarked, by way of greeting.

"Ay, sir," replied the lad, with the customary brevity of the English villager.

"Makes me feel young again; takes me back twenty years; and it's good for a man to step back sometimes," he said to the boy, who began to take a liking to Dr. Settle's fresh visitor.

"My father had a farm in the north, right up in the dales, and I and my brother Jim used to drive our cows to pasture down by the beck, and there we would lie about for hours, watching the water ouzels and the kingfishers, and fishing for crayfish and newts. I sharpened my power of observation down by that stream," he continued, with a sigh of sentimental remembrance, at the same time switching a lagging bullock with an adroitedness that won his companion's admiration. "Lea farm you're going to, aren't you? Ah no! of course not; I know you live at the hollow. But let me see how long will it take me to walk over to Lea?"

"By the bridle-path, twelve minutes, sir."

"By the bridle-path! I suppose most folks go that way?"

"Yes, sir, 'cept in mucky weather; then they takes the road."

"Ah, well! It's not mucky weather now. The Lea people must find a nice step saved when they can come to church that 'gainer' cut."

"Yes; and it's handy-like for the doctor now the missus is bad."

"Ah!" said Boss 'Tec softly. "It's swampy here," he continued, as they passed the stile that leads into British field. "Kingcups and milkmaids grow here in May, don't they?"

"Ay, sir, and frogs, too."

"Not the place for a patent-shoed Frenchman to climb over," mused the detective, "unless he happened to meet a friend who knew the way. I'll have another look at the knoll"; and nodding farewell to the lad, he crossed into the now noted field.

A few paces brought him to the spot where poor M. d'Himbu had been found. A crushed cluster of poppies showed the exact place where the body had fallen. The setting sun glittered on something bright that lay beside the poppies.

Mr. Bridger stooped and picked this something up.

It was a string of five minute jet beads.

"Part of a fringe," muttered Boss 'Tec, whose keen eye noted even the frivols displayed by Jay and Peter Robinson.

Five yards further on, nearer to the tiny thatched British cottage that stood off from the path, there lay another string—one of three beads only.

"Hum!" said the detective, "hum! Less than this has hanged a man. They may have come off the dress of some Sunday sight-seer; but I'll keep them, all the same."

"Good evening. You're making the most of your time"—this to a white-capped old dame who sat knitting within the rose-bowered porch of a British cottage.

"Ay, sir; days is never too long for willing fingers."

"And I dare say you're a bit lonely living here all alone?"

"Why, sir, as for that, I've my thoughts, and thoughts is grand companions. And the ladies from the rectory most ways gives me a look—one or the other. Miss Marchden, she've been here hours lately, for she's a-doing of my picter."

And with a sign of invitation she entered the cottage and took down a block.

It was a wonderful bit of water-color drawing, and reminded Mr. Bridger of Cooper's "Nancy McIntosh." He prided himself on knowing something of art.

"Ah, comes often, does she?"

"Yes, sir; and glad I am to see her. The last time was on the evening the poor French gentleman was killed. Eh, sir! it's sad I am to think he was so near—just behind the mound—and I never heard his cry for help. Going in my eighty-six though I be, I'd have done something for him."

"Was Miss Marchden here at the time?"

"No, sir, let me think; she left ten minutes—yes, it must have been about ten minutes—before."

"Ah!"

"And if she isn't here now!" exclaimed the old woman, with a look of genuine gladness.

John Bridger turned, and come face to face with Miss Marchden.

She wore a black cloth cape trimmed with jet fringe.

There was a break in the fringe close to the right shoulder.

"Ah!" once again ejaculated Boss 'Tec.

"Well?" queried the doctor that evening. It was his usual after-dinner question, and hitherto Mr. Bridger had replied by a shake of the head. To-night, however, he paused, and Dr. Settle, noticing the pause, looked up quickly—anxiously.

"Any clue?"

"Yes."

"Not—not—you can't suspect her!" said the young man vehemently, thus betraying his fears.

"My dear fellow, I'm here to suspect anybody and everybody—even you."

The expression of his host's face assured the detective that he was guiltless of the slaying of M. d'Himbu; he could no longer hold the theory he started from the theory he started from the motive of money.

"But don't be over-troubled. Of course the whole thing is a trouble, but still, much has to be proved yet; much may have to be unproved. Light may come with to-morrow's post. Mrs. Bridger is working like a sleuthhound in Paris. I believe you know my wife is a French woman; she was governess at Limby Abbey, and I met her when I went down there about the poisoning of his lordship's mare, Warpaint. She's taken to the 'tec business like a duck to water, and always helps me in my foreign work: in fact it was really my wife who ferreted out the first clue in the Vangirard-Vannes affair. I believe in a woman helping her husband even in the roughest profession. By the by, what is Mrs. Guyhirn like? I've met the rector again and again, but she always seems invisible."

"Mrs. Guyhirn? Well, I hardly know. She wears her hair parted down the middle, and buys her next summer clothes at the autumn sales; at least, so—so MissMarchden says. But I believe she's a good mother and a good parish worker."

The morning's post brought the hoped for light. From Brussels there was a brief note:

"The school is near the Parc Leopold; very quiet and well-conducted. Miss M. was liked by all; there is no escapade of hers to record—her hobby was painting."

From Paris the missive was bulkier:

"M. d'Himbu seems to have been simply a flaneur, whose sole aim was to be tres chic. His brother cannot account for the murder: says Alphonse was not a man to quarrel, and thinks the motive must have been highway robbery. M. Henri allowed me to appropriate his brother's album: this I send to you. Notice the girl in the Grainbro' hat; you will see her repeated in many styles. I fancy she is an Englishwoman. Is she Miss M. M.?"

No, certainly not; she was too fair, too slight, too arch. John Bridger looked at her again and again, for his professional acumen detected that this girl had entered largely into M. d'Himbu's life.

"The policeman," said Mrs. Green, interrupting his study of the album.

Boss 'Tec turned, to see in the man's hand a foreign dagger, half covered by congealed blood.

"Found on the top of the pollard willow that flanks the rectory field gate—evidently flung there by some person entering the rectory field grounds that way. Sworn to by Susan Jones as being the dagger formerly in the possession of Marjorie Crawford Marchden."

So spoke the constable in his most professional manner and voice.

"Shall I arrest Miss Marchden, sir?" he continued, as Boss 'Tec stood silently regarding the weapon. "It's clear circumstantial evidence, sir."

"Have you seen her?"

"I've confronted her with the dagger, but all she says is, 'I didn't put it on the pollard'—otherwise, she's as dumb as a bell"; the Oldby policeman was noted for the vagueness of his similes.

"The motive?" inquired Mr. Bridger, looking up suddenly.

"The motive will ooze out at the trial, sir. Motives are like rats in a hole; they flash out when you least expect 'em. Shall I get a warrant for her arrest?"

"Wait. I will see her myself. Come to me later."

"The flight up stairs—the dagger—the jet beads—the evident bearing of a painful secret," murmured John Bridger; "clear circumstantial evidence, truly! The bench would bring in a verdict of guilty at once; and yet I don't believe Miss Marchden did it! That girl in the Gainsbro' is at the bottom of it, or I'm not Boss 'Tec. Question is—is she in or near Oldby? Ha—yes, I'll see the rector's wife; she may throw some light on the Gainsbro's whereabouts."

"Yes, Mrs. Guyhirn's at home," answered the rectory maid, ushering Mr. Bridger into the morning room.

Mrs. Guyhirn was seated on a low chair, her youngest child cradled on her lap; another was at her feet, folding Kindergarten papers.

An admiral butterfly sailed into the room; the second child darted after it with a whoop. Mrs. Guyhirn laughed at its vain efforts, and as the light of laughter rose to her eyes Boss 'Tec started.

"I wish to speak with you about this unfortunate affair; perhaps, madam, as the intimate friend of Miss Marchden, you may help me a little. But I find I have left a paper I require in my room. Will you excuse me one moment? I will fetch it, and return."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Guyhirn, still watching the butterfly hunt.

"He!" said John Bridger, slapping one knee. "Ha!" slapping the other. "No doubt as to motive now. A clever woman is my Bertrade. At last this case interests me—it reaches beyond Oldby."

Arrived at the doctor's, he took out M. d'Himbu's album, and turned to "the girl in the Gainsbro' hat."

"Tamed—wrecked!" he ejaculated. "Venus turned Madonna, but I know I'm not mistaken."

Slipping the photograph out of the album he retraced his steps.

"Is Mrs. Guyhirn still in the morning rom?"

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Guyhirn had dismissed her children, and was apparently awaiting Mr. Bridger's return.

"Madam," he inquired, closing the door, and drawing the portrait from his pocket, "do you know this?"

Half an hour later he hastily entered Dr. Settle's surgery.

"Doctor, you're wanted at the rectory. Ruch of blood to the head, caused by a shock." Then he added, after a pause: "And pray to God that for once your remedies may fail."

"I may tell the whole story to you two," Boss 'Tec said that evening as he sat in the clematis-hung arbor with the doctor and the policeman. "It's a pathetic bit of life history—besides, it's interesting to us"—looking with a frown on the policeman—"because it shows how one ought to shy at mere circumstantial evidence. Motive's the thing—without a motive a 'tec hasn't a leg to stand on."

Boss 'Tec knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and began as though he were reading from a book:

"Twelve years ago a retired colonel haunted Monte Carlo. He was a widower, and he and his daughter lived a happy-go-lucky Bohemian life.

"She was pretty in a certain way—petite and fair, and with a sparkle gained from a Corsican grandmother. She had always a small court, composed of men of mixed nationalities, and when her father had a run of luck bought new gowns and gave picnics. One of her most persistent admirers was M. d'Himbu, but she cared little for him. One evening the colonel forsook the tables for Baccarat; he lost two thousand to M. d'Himbu, and still the mad frenzy of play was upon him.

"'I have nothing left to stake,' he lamented.

"'Yes,' whispered M. d'Himbu; 'the highest stake of all—your daughter!'

"When the lust of play cooled the colonel knew what he had done.

"Next morning his daughter found him on the shore, his right hand grasping a pistol, the wound in his temple laved by the calm waves of the Mediterranean.

"Revenge was the emotion that swayed her as she stood over her father's dead body. You remember I told you that Corsican blood ran in her veins, and that the vendetta had to her forbears been a binding obligation.

"'Neither me nor my money shall M. d'Himbu see again,' was her cry.

"As soon as possible the colonel's daughter left for England, to find a home with her mother's brother, old Admiral Jones. Life with him was as unlike the bright, gay Monte Carlo life as it was possible to be. She stepped at once into an atmosphere of Puritanism. She sang at open-air meetings, she played the harmonium in the Sailors' bethel, she signed the pledge, and joined the Anti-Gambling league. And in this calmer air she forgot vengeance; she remembered d'Himbu only as one remembers a bad nightmare.

"Mr. Guyhirn, being in town for the May gatherings, was fascinated by her zeal and intense energy, and, as she remarked parenthetically this afternoon: 'He stood on the opposite pole to M. d'Himbu; he had never even seen a croupier; and so I accepted him.'

"She undertook the duties of a vicar's wife, and fulfilled them. As was natural, there came days when she craved for the brightness and freedom of other years; days when her Bohemianism asserted itself—a Bohemianism her studious, matter-of-fact husband could not comprehend. And thus it came about that she learned self-repression; she simulated that which he would have her be: she acted her part."

"Over-acted it," remarked Dr. Settle.

"And so her spirit was dammed in, to burst forth with greater force when her self-repression was for once forgotten. By one of the strangest decrees of fate M. d'Himbu came to Oldby, and learned that the rector's wife was none other than his old love."

"Some diablerie moved him to send this note to Mrs. Guyhirn," continued Boss 'Tec, taking it from his pocket-book and reading:

"'Your father died owing me you and £2,000; meet me by your garden at 6:15, and pay me one or the other.

ALPHONSE.'"

"Who took that there note?" demanded the policeman.

"Daft Tom, who probably thought more of the sixpence than of the errand.

"The Corsican blood leaped up, old memories maddened her; she seized Miss Marchden's dagger and—as luck would have it—her cape, which was hanging in the hall, and rushed forth to meet the man whom embodied all the evil of the past. As she reached the knoll she saw her husband on the field path; she knew she loved him and hated M. d'Himbu, and in her wrath she struck—once—twice. 'For my children's, for my husband's sake I kept silence,' she said, 'but I would not have let Marjorie suffer.'"

"And Miss Marchden knew?"

"She suspected. She saw Mrs. Guyhirn fling the dagger on the pollard, but would not betray her friend."

"It's an uncommon story," continued Mr. Bridger, "and if it hadn't been for my Bertrade might never have been known. I knew she didn't send that album with due cause. She's the 'tec, not I."—Cassell's.

Financial.

Railway and Miscellaneous Stock Marke Was Quiet Yesterday.

New York, April 9.—The railway and miscellaneous stock market was quiet to-day. At the opening the market was firm under the influence of higher prices from London, the improvement ranging from ¼ to 1 per cent. There was a disposition to take a hopeful view of things, the rains at the west and the advance in wages reported b. manufacturing concerns creating a more confident feeling as to the future of stock prices.

The paucity of buying orders, however, was taken advantage of by those bearishly inclined to test the market and there were moderate sales of the grangers, Atchison, Manhattan, the anthracite coalers and Distilling & Cattle Feeding. Burlington & Quincy fell 1⅜ to 71⅝, St. Paul ⅝ to 57¾, Rock Island ¾ to 63⅝, Northwest ⅝ to 91½, Lackawanna ¾ to 158⅝, Delaware & Hudson 1½ to 125½, New Jersey Central 1¼ to 93⅝, Manhattan 1½ to 109⅝, Reading ¾ to 12¼, Distilling & Cattle Feeding ⅝ to 14⅜ and Atchison ¾ to 5⅝. Burlington & Quincy was still affected by its poor annual report. Atchison ran off on the announcement that the first installment of the assessment will be $3 and will have to be paid on the deposit of the stock. The official plan of reorganization will be published at home and abroad to-morrow. Distilling & Cattle Feeding sold down on the reported disruption of the organization just formed to maintain uniform rate for spirits.

Taken altogether the efforts of the traders to dislodge long stock were not as successful as they had hoped and in the final trading there were indications that some of the bears were disposed to cover. The surprising strength of the Vanderbilts had much to do with this change of front. Michigan Central was especially strong and rose from 92½ to 97 and closed at 97 bid and 99 asked. New York Central advanced from 95⅝ to 96¼, Canada Southern from 50¼ to 51 @ 50⅝ and Big Four from 37½ to 38½ @ 37¾.

In the industrials sugar was in demand and advanced from 101⅛ to 102⅝ @ 102⅛. Chicago Gas opened weak and later recovered. The dividend at the rate of five per cent. per annum is expected to-morrow. United States Leather preferred sold up 1⅛ to 70⅞ and Linseed Oil 1¼ to 23⅛. Certificates of the Delaware & Hudson stock in the name of LeGrand B. Cannon were delivered to-day. This accounts for yesterday's break in the stock.

In the final dealings the market was steady to firm. Net changes show losses of ¼ to 1⅜ per cent. Burlington & Quincy leading. Sugar, General Electric and the Vanderbilts gained anywhere from ¼ to 3 per cent., the latter in Michigan Central.

The bond market was strong. The tranactions were $1,722,000.

Following are the closing prices reported by Prince & Whitely, bankers and brokers, 46 Broadway, New York, and 15 Center street, New Haven:

	Bid.	Asked.
American Tobacco Co.	95½	96¼
American Tobacco Co., pfd.	108	109
American Cotton Oil Co.	25¼	26
American Cotton Oil Co., pfd.	71	72¼
American Sugar Refining Co.	102¼	102½
Am. Sugar Refining Co., pfd.	93½	94
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.	5⅝	5½
Canada Southern	50⅝	51
Central of New Jersey	93¾	93⅞
Chesapeake & Ohio Voting Cts.	17⅝	17½
Chicago & East Illinois pfd.	94½	96
Chicago & Northwestern	91⅜	91⅝
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	71⅝	71¾
Chicago Gas Co.	71	71¾
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	57¾	57⅞
Chicago, Milw'kee & St. Paul pfd.	115¾	116
Chicago Rock Island & Pacific	63½	63⅝
Chicago, St. P., M. & Omaha	32	33
Clevland, C. & C. St. Louis	37⅜	38
Col., Hocking Valley & Toledo	26½	29½
Consolidated Gas	130	131
Baltimore and Ohio	55⅜	55¾
Bay State Gas	14⅜	15
Delaware & Hudson Canal	125⅜	126
Delaware, Lack. & Western	158⅜	158¾
Denver & Rio Grande pfd.	38⅛	39
Dis. & Cattle Feeding Co.	14⅜	14⅞
General Electric Co.	33⅞	34
Illinois Central	88	90
Lake Shore & Michigan So.	137	138
Lake Erie & Western	17⅛	17⅛
Lake Erie and Western pfd.	74	75
Louisville & Nashville	51¼	51⅜
Louisville & New Albany	6¾	7⅜
Louisville & New Albany pfd.	21	23
Laclede Gas	25⅜	26⅛
Missouri, Kansas & Texas	15⅝	15¾
Missouri, Kansas & Texas pfd.	26¼	26⅞
Manhattan Elevated	110⅜	110⅜
Missouri Pacific	23⅞	24¾
New York & New Haven	200	203
N. Y. & N. E. 3d paid	37½	38
New York Central & Hudson	96½	96⅜
N. Y., Chicago & St. Louis	12	14
N. Y., Lake Erie & Western	9½	9⅝
N. Y., Lake Erie & Western pfd.	20	21⅜
N. Y., Ontario & Western	16¼	16⅜
Norfolk & Western pfd	13¾	14
North American Co.	5½	5⅝
Northern Pacific	4⅜	4½
Northern Pacific pfd.	17⅝	17¾
National Lead Co	31⅜	32⅜
National Lead Co. pfd	85	85⅜
Pacific Mail S.S. Co.	22	22½
Peoria, Decatur & Evansville	4	4½
Phila. & Reading Voting Cts.	12⅜	12⅞
Pitts., Cin., Cal. & St. Louis	15½	17⅛
Pullman Palace Car Co.	155	158
Rich. & W. P. T. tr., 5th inst. p'd.	11⅜	11⅜
Southern Railway	11⅝	11¾
Southern Railway pfd.	32⅜	32⅞
Sus. and West. pfd.	35	36
Silver Bullion Cert's.	66⅝	67⅜
Tennessee Coal & Iron	17⅜	17⅜
Tennessee Coal & Iron pfd.	—	—
Texas & Pacific	9⅜	9¾
Tol., Ann Arbor & North Mich.	1⅝	2
Union Pacific	11¼	11⅛
Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf	4⅜	4¾
Wabash	5⅝	6
Wabash pfd.	14⅛	14¼
Western Union Telegraph	87	87⅜
Wheeling & Lake Erie	11⅝	12⅜
Wheeling & Lake Erie pfd.	42	43
Wisconsin Central	4	4⅜
Adams Express	146	148
American Express	111	113
United States Express	41	43
Wells-Fargo Express	*104	107⅜
U. S. Rubber	39⅜	40⅜
U. S. Rubber pfd.	93½	93⅞
U. S. Cordage Co.	5⅞	6⅜
U. S. Cordage Co., pfd.	10⅜	10⅞

*Ex-dividend.

Government Bonds.

Following are the quotations for United States bonds at the call to-day:

Ext. 2s, reg.	95	@ —
4s, reg., 1907	111¾	@111⅞
4s, coup., 1907	112	@112¾
4's reg., new	120¾	@121
4's coupon, new	120¾	@121
News 5s, reg., 1904	115⅞	@116⅜
News 5s coup., 1904	115⅞	@116
Currency 6s, 1895	100	@ —
Currency 6s, 1896	102½	@ —
Currency 6s, 1897	105½	@ —
Currency 6s, 1898	108½	@ —
Currency 6s, 1899	111	@ —

Chicago Market, April 9, 1895.

	April.	May.	July.
Wheat	.54⅝	.54⅞	.56
Corn	.45	.45⅞	.46⅜
Oats	.28⅜	.28⅝	.27⅜
Pork	12.17	12.27	12.42
Lard	6.97	7.02	7.15
Ribs	6.30	6.35	6.47
New York Wheat	.60⅜	.60½	.61⅛
New York Corn	—	.50⅝	.50⅜

New York Cotton Exchange.

	Bid.	Asked
April	6.32	6.34
May	6.34	6.36
June	6.34	—
July	6.36	6.37
August	6.38	6.39
September	6.40	6.41
October	6.44	6.45
November	6.48	6.50
December	6.53	6.54
January	6.58	6.59

Total sales, 113,700 bales. Firm.

NEW HAVEN LOCAL QUOTATIONS

Furnished daily by KIMBERLY, ROOT & DAY Bankers and Brokers, 133 Orange street.

BANK STOCKS.

	Par	Bid	Asked
City Bank	$100	122	—
New Haven County National Bank	10	13¾	14
Mechanics' Bank	60	63¾	—
Merchants' National Bank	50	45	47
New Haven National Bank	100	164	—
Tradesmen's National Bank	100	140	—
Second National Bank	100	165	—
Yale National Bank	100	112	—

RAILROAD STOCKS.

	Par	Bid	Asked
B. & N. Y. A. L. preferred	100	100¾	—
Danbury & Norwalk R. R. Co.	50	55⅜	—
Detroit, Hillsdale & S. W.	100	93⅜	95
Housatonic R. R. Co.	100	23	—
Naugatuck R. R. Co.	100	242⅜	—
New Haven & Derby R.R. Co.	100	92	—
New Haven & Northampton	100	95	—
N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co.	100	201⅛	203
Shore Line R. R.	100	173⅜	—

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par	Bid	Asked
New Haven Gas Light Co.	25	53	—
New Haven Water Co.	50	101¾	102¼
Peck, Stow & Wilcox	25	20	23
Security Insurance Co.	40	—	40
Swift & Co.	100	80	82½
Telephone—Ches. & Pot.	100	53	57
Erie	100	50½	52¾
N. Y. & N. J.	100	103	—
Southern N. E.	100	—	82
U. S. Rubber preferred, par.	100	93	95

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Due	Bid	Asked
F. H. W. Co.'s 7s.	1895	101	—
New Haven City 7s.	1901	118⅜	—
New Haven City 5s.	1897	100	—
New Haven City 4s, sewerage	1914	102	—
New Haven City 3½s, "	1907	95	—
New Haven Town 3½s	—	96⅜	—
New Haven Town F. P. Issue	1919	97⅜	—
New Haven School 4s.	1904	102	—
S. N. E. Telephone 5s.	1908	101	—
Swift & Co. 6s.	1910	98½	100

RAILROAD BONDS.

	Due	Bid	Asked
B. & N. Y. A. L. 5s.	1905	107	—
Holyoke & Westfield 1st 4s.	1911	99	—
Housatonic Consols 5s.	1937	120	123¾
New Haven & Derby 5s.	1918	114	—
New Haven & Derby 7s.	1900	111	114
New Haven & Derby 6s.	1900	108	110
New Haven & N. 7s, 1869	1899	110¼	—
New Haven & N. 7s, 1874	1899	110	—
N. H. & N. Consols 6s.	1908	118⅜	—
N. H. & N. 1st 5s.	1911	109½	—
New London Northern 1st 4s.	1910	102	—
New London Northern 1st 5s.	1910	107	—
N. Y. & N. E. 1st 7s.	1905	114	115
N. Y. & N. E. 1st 6s.	1905	107¾	108⅜
N. Y. & N. E. 2d 6s.	1902	103⅜	105
N. Y., N. H. & H. 4s.	1903	104	—
N. Y., N. H. & H. Deb. 4s.	1903	138½	140
N. Y., Prov. & Boston 7s.	1899	110	—
N. Y., Prov. & Boston 4s.	1942	103	—
West Haven H. R. R. 5s.	1912	100	—